

THE
N O R F O L K
RIDDLE,

Explain it if you can.

Man! Explain this RIDDLE if you can.
Pastime every Day; Defying those, that
Homage pay, And are Delighted in his
ways, But time will come to feel the Sting,
To pull this Monster from the Head, Who has
does upon us so much Prey, With Sport and
daily he annoys, Some, like himself, him
Course that he begun: If *Norfolk*
he so did Stuff; Untill he ready
f'rous Beast, Destroy'd whole
each one to him Sub-
mit, Abroad, at home,
Thousands at the least;
was to burst, Yet after more
do's such Monsters breed How shall
Thoufands at the least;
In a Thing *Norfolk*
once, as great as any King, and
yet he was, that look'd
no King indeed, tho' by him all
Things were De-
stroy'd; He made
yet this immense prepo-
sition, His greedy Maw
he still did run In the same
Dragon he destroys, The Country
on, he still did run In the same
To pull this Monster from the Head, Who has
As well as cut off this vile Thing, Who
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